

The Literary Miscellany.

N^o. 1.

CONTAINING

1. *The Shrubby, a TALE*, by T. POTTLE.
2. *The Dead Ass*, - - STERNE.
3. *The Passions, an ODE*, - COLLINS.
4. *The Dying Indian*, - J. WHARTON.



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THE SHRUBBERY.



PART I.



YOUNG Melmoth went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favourite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit of the wild fowl, which abound in the lakes of that romantic country, till he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the solemn colouring of that magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serenity of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore, all this concurring with the reflection of his being at such a distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round, amidst his terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farmhouse peeping forth from a grove of old trees; after a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing

through several lonely dells, shaded with beeches, and over-run with wild flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermingling their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs, suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of brush-wood that resisted its current. A seat on the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to sit down and contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to its muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the waterfall. He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was simple and pathetic in the highest degree, and though he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him; for his constitution was naturally warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired. He laid down his gun, and taking up his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his hand, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass-plot, planted round with evergreens, in

the centre of which stood a small stone temple. A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the frieze was this inscription: "Dedicated to Sensibility." As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence that the person to whom he was indebted for them, had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door. The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words from Sterne: "Eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee!" A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it. Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of Emma Corbett, and open at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at the door, supported by his servants, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted. The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded the reader had thrown down the book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard. He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night-gown, with a

bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her form which struck him. She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle, her features had such a softness and such a delicacy in them, that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the world. Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he even know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The God of Love is a gentle deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed, that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight, he left the apartment, and turning down a dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity, overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak, which grew at its entrance. A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring, which gushed from a corner of the roof at the further end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side. Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin, which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him, it flew immediately out again. "And will you fly from me, gentle bird?" said he, bending down and stretching out his hand, "though I am not the fair being you took me

for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, I would cherish you for her sake." As he said these words he rose up, and continued his ramble till he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and its islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of the evening. He had hardly fixed his eyes on the prospect, when his dog, which had been ranging the gardens, rushed across the walk in pursuit of some game that it had just started: "Come hither, sirrah!" said Melmoth angrily, "violate nothing here, on pain of your master's displeasure; these are hallowed grounds." The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman, who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing. From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up: as Melmoth now saw it was too late to retire, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name and the particulars of his case, assuring him, that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds. "You are welcome, sir," said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite; "I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honour." Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk. "You have a sweet spot here, sir," said Melmoth.

“Yes, sir,” replied the other, “I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments from my taste, it owes all its beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother’s death, has been my only companion in this solitude.” The walk now brought them to a small meadow, planted with fruit-trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine which covered it. “This is my dwelling, sir,” said the old gentleman, “it has not much elegance in its appearance, but——” “It has more,” interrupted Melmoth, “the venerable air of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterised our ancestors, at least I have always connected that idea with it.”

PART II.

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THEY were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shewn into a room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower-pieces cut in paper, and with drawings of different views which the coun-

try around afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight's soberest grey : the bat was taking its circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped its wings against the casement. "You live very retired here, sir," said Melmoth. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Hartop, for that was his name; "but my time is spent so agreeably, in the discharge of my duties to my parish, and in cultivating my daughter's mind, that I do not feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world." The door now opened, and his daughter made her appearance. "Julia, my dear," said her father, "this gentleman intends to honour us with his company to-night." Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome, which she always gave to her father's friends. They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do; when he looked up his eyes met Julia, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of supper, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a dessert. The flavour of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten, all the servants entered. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer, and on bended knees, he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervours of devotion.

Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not sleep for Julia, he could not chase her image from his mind. His adventure had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted its reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole

existence was interwoven with her's. As
soon as it was light, he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the dew, breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared in the air, and warbled its trembling trilling notes of ecstasy. Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet in its mazes through the grove, till he descended into a hollow dingle, where it widened its stream, and slept upon its rushes. The trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade, that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moonshine; and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Melmoth sat down on a bank, and played a lively air upon his flute. It was a piece which himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of fairies round him to the sound, when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up, and looking round, was saluted by Mr. Hartop and his daughter: they had been taking their morning walk, and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologized for their interruption, and intreated him to finish the tune. He took up his flute, and touched a few notes of the voluntary he had heard the night before. Julia blushed. Mr. Hartop observed her confusion, and leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home scene in the pastoral style. In a valley below ran a small river with a mill turning in its stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side, partly covered with furze, and seamed with a winding sheep-walk. In the woodlands on the right and left, the birds were singing sweetly in concert, and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the murmurs of the water-mill, and the tinklings of the wether's bell. Melmoth stood lif-

vening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communicated his feelings to his friends. Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled. It was a favourite scene of her's; she had often viewed it, and as often admired it, but she had not known half its beauties till now.

"I hope your robin is well this morning," said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house. "Very well, sir," she replied, colouring, "but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honour of your acquaintance." "My daughter," interrupted Mr. Hartop, "has a great affection for the feathered race, and they seem to return it almost with equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of black-birds under her protection, and she visits them, I believe, every morning, with the greatest anxiety for their welfare." As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something on the grass-plot at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just in time enough to see her favourite blackbirds expire at her feet. "Here they are," said she, bending over them with her hands clasped, "here they are indeed!" As she spoke, she looked up, and her heart's soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses. He had all the milk of human kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt something more than the simple impulse of humanity within him, and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub just by, and contemplating with the greatest composure, on the little scene of distress which she had occasioned. Resentment for a moment flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone from the walk to throw at her. "You must not, in-

deed you must not;" said Julia, warmly, "she only pursued the dictates of nature." As she said these words, she raised her hand to his arm which was lifted in the action, and the tear which stood trembling on her eye-lids, forced their way down her cheeks; pity's finest strings were then touched, and with her soft and silver sounds, the harsh discordant notes of revenge are never in unison. Melmoth shed a tear upon the stone, and dropped it to the ground.

Mr. Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to speak,—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted, I cannot tell; if it had been in my power, it should have lasted for ever, I would have fixed it on the canvas.

The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principal topics. Julia was not silent on either: she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste which astonished Melmoth.

"The study of music," said he, "while it sweetly soothes the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines its nature. I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it: though I cannot go so far as a French writer, who affirmed, that he who is insensible to its effects has but half a soul."

"Shakespeare's celebrated assertion is not bold enough," said Mr. Hartop, "but I think I can confute you all by a single instance. Garrick had no ear for music!"

"The Italians," said Julia, "are enthusiasts in the art; and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of Rousseau were tremblingly alive to its powers; and his extreme fondness for it, I have

heard, appears in almost every page of his works. Indeed those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind, in their most affecting scenes. Marmontelle has given to Fonrose his hautboy; Julia de Roubigné has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulines has her lute." "I don't know a sweeter poem in the language," returned Melmoth, "than the Minstrel. It breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature. The idea of reclining at a distance from the village dance, "soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind," is inexpressibly beautiful. No less so is the reflection that it suggests."

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn."

His petition in favour of the singing birds is sweetly pathetic.

"O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander
where they will."

Julia's eye brightened as he repeated these lines, but the unhappy end of her blackbirds had thrown an air of sadness over her features, which all her efforts could not dissipate. It had stamped upon her countenance

—“That expression sweet of melancholy
Which captivates the soul ;”

and as Melmoth was acquainted with its amiable cause, it operated on his feelings with peculiar energy.

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions, and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy trembled in it. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness, and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight. I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under Heaven, but herself. Though united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride, an honest pride, in the connection ; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before.

In the evening they sailed on the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to shew it was alive. A cormorant was flying over it, and fishing ; and on the banks, which are steep and shagged with wild shrubs, hung a few goats. Here and there a grotesque mass of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little shining torrent falling from its brow ; and often through the precipices appears a smooth green lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. All these objects were inverted on the blue surface of the lake ; and no sooner had the boat pushed off from the shore, than they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains, passed by in silent succession on each side,

and changed their figure at every yard. The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape. and Melmoth threw an air of enchantment over it with the soft notes of his flute. Our voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island, and looked into every bay. Every stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties, and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left not a single second of vacancy, and evening had overshadowed them with her last and deepest shade, before they landed.

When Melmoth retired to his chamber, and reviewed the little incidents of the past day, the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book, and pencilled on a slip of paper the following lines:

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

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SPRING had return'd and nature smil'd,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
All was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.

'Twas then a blackbird and its mate
In a seringo built their nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat
With trembling wing and heaving breast.

Two chirpers soon reward their care,
 The pledges of their mutual love,
 The pleasing task the parents share,
 For food the blossom'd grove.

Returning through a shrubby mead,
 The gentle pair, with anguish, saw
 Their little ones expiring bleed
 Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
 In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
 Deaf to the sweet pathetic sound,
 The plund'rer still retain'd her prey.

"Whither, ah, whither, shall we fly?
 "Life has no value now," they sung;
 "We'll melt the murd'rer's heart, and die
 "With wings stretch'd fondly o'er our young."

When he had finished, he thought something was still wanting;—he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do; the string was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair. In the morning, when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it into her bosom, with a smile. But that smile betrayed a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy! Inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought! Ye alone can tell, ye who can awake such trilling harmony from that sweet instrument the human soul, ye alone can tell what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures, what magnetic principle operates upon them.

PART III.

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IT was not till three years after, when Melmoth returned from making the tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of revisiting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but he had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried. Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval, they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved object of their contemplation: Julia mingled in every idea;—he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand, and instantly set off for Westmorland. It was towards the close of the third day when he reached the banks of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the by-path, intending to walk up to the house through the shrubbery, that he might surprise them the more agreeably. When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of the spring. The lilac was in full blow, and the laburnum dropped its golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the

almond appeared above the rest, and were finely relieved by the fresh verdure of their foliage. Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired when he first walked under their shade, and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench on which he sat when the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step. When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he enquired eagerly if Mr. Hartop was within. "No, sir," she replied, "he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave." "Whose grave?" interrupted Melmoth, in a faltering voice. "Miss Julia's, sir; she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens to the church-yard." Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was as the cold point of a dagger at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply, his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in the sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes, which he had cherished so long, were now extinguished, and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could not open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall, and burst into tears. An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience,

humility, and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned; he burst the gate open, and rushed violently through. As he hurried along the path that winded among the tomb-stones, his eye looked round involuntarily for the objects it most dreaded to fix on; and it soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a little circle round a grave on one side—it was an interesting group and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures which composed it. They were villagers, whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few paces before the rest, with the Volume of Inspiration in his hand. There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness—except now and then, when a tear stole down his cheek, and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man, struggling with adversity, and rising amidst all its efforts to depress him, is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the Divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency. As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave, and looked eagerly in. The frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton, who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment, with his foot lifted up on his spade. Melmoth kept bending over, with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin.—Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—the

was indeed *his* world—he had seen her walk—her eyes, now for ever closed, had once—and who could not have interpreted their language—had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten paces before his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look.—He was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more, for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment—he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was tuned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh, and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the parsonage he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to enquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so unhinged him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been conspired, the year before, by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her into a decline. When Melmoth came to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades, which she had rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object, he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well-known voice,

“Sweet as the shepherd’s pipe upon the mountains.”

In every wood scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every water-fall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool, hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings, and he threw himself on a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul. He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance, even for a moment, with such virtue, would have shewn him unworthy of it; but to go abroad, to linger so long in a foreign country, to seek the society of strangers while Julia was alive, this betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself. He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his own name cut on the bark of it. His heart instantly told him who had done it.—Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia.—The idea of his having wronged her was more than he could bear;—every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his penknife, and, wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his own name. “The tree,” said he, “shall not bear such a memorial of her affection and none of mine.” By the time he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure, and he ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door, he found it open, and he stepped into the hall. He waited a few moments for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come, and after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend,

sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eyes cast down, in the attitude of meditation. The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensations he then felt—when he looked round on the furniture and saw every chair and table; every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them. Julia entered his bosom, and touched at a thousand points—he trembled, and would have given the world to go back. He made an effort to speak, but the voice he would have uttered was lost.—Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came at last. “You are come, sir,” said he, “to a house of mourning, but I hope you will not repent of your visit; the obligation it confers is deeply felt.—I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter:”—he paused—“I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all:”—he paused again; nature melted within him at the thought; it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes. He could not “but remember such things were, and were most dear to him.” “But I am not without consolation,” he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the finger, to a bible that lay open on the table, “I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and a happier world, never, never to be parted.” He cast a look upwards as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. “I was charged,” said

he, "to deliver this to you, sir, as soon as the original was no more. She drew it herself, a little before she died; and, in her last moments, she entrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had once wished to be united."

Melmoth gazed on the miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature till imagination gave it life. He saw again, that face with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him, he should see no more; and he forgot, for a moment, that he held only the semblance in his hand. Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve that he had was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion; a robin, at that instant, flew down to pick up some crumbs that had been thrown on the grass-plot.—He burst into tears. The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe, soon broke a constitution, which time had already shattered;—and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot.

Melmoth returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, served to dispel the gloom which hung over his mind; but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and, often, in his brightest moments, when the image of Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

T. Potter.

THE DEAD ASS.



—“**A**ND this,” said he—putting the remains of a crust into his wallet——“and thou should have been thy portion,” said he, “hadd thou been alive to have shared it with me!” I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child: but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur’s misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho’s lamentation for his: but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass’s pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it—held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass’s bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready. As I continued

sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said, he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest corner of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and so poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

"It had pleased Heaven," he said, "to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany: but having in one week lost two of them by the small pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago, in Spain." When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey,—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him. "The ass," he said, "he was assured, loved him:"—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other for three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass—and that they had neither scarce eaten or drank till they met.

“Thou hast one comfort, friend,” said I, “at least, in the loss of thy poor beast—I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.”
 “Alas!” said the mourner, “I thought so when he was alive:—but now he is dead, I think otherwise. I think the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature’s days—and I fear I have them to answer for!”

“Sham on the world!” said I to myself:—
 “did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass——’twould be something.”

Sterne.

THE PASSIONS,

A N O D E.

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WHEN Music, heav’nly maid! was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The PASSIONS, oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng’d around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess’d beyond the Muse’s painting.
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb’d, delighted, rais’d, refin’d.

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, (for Madness rul'd the hour)
 Would prove its own expressive power.

First FEAR—his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
 And back recoil'd—he knew not why!
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next ANGER rush'd—his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
 With one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wail DESPAIR—
 Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
 'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry
 close,
 And HOPE enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her gol-
 den hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 REVENGE impatient rose :
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took ;
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe :
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat.
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected PITY, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
 from his head.

'Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
 And now it courted Love—then, raving, call'd
 on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale MELANCHOLY sat retir'd ;
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her penlive soul ;
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole ;
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When **CHEARFULNESS**, a nymph of healthiest
hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call—to Fawn and Dryad known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd
queen,

Satyrs and Sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their allies green.

Brown **Exercise** rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear!

Last came Joy's extatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;

But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing:

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,

Love fram'd with **MIRTH** a gay fantastic round;

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid!

Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,

Why, Goddess, why to us deny'd?

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,

You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r.

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!

Can well recal what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
 Arise, as in that older time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page.
 'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 Ev'n all at once together found
 CECILIA's mingled world of sound.
 O bid our vain endeavours cease!
 Revive the just designs of Greece!
 Return in all thy simple state:
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Collins.

THE DYING INDIAN.

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THE dart of Isdabel prevails!—'twas dipt
 In double poison—I shall soon arrive
 At the blest island, where no tigers spring
 On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
 Thrice in each moon; where rivers smooth
 glide,
 Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
 Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
 Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my son!

I feel the venom busy in my breast)
Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the
teeth

Of that bold Christian who first dar'd deflower
The virgins of the sun; and, dire to tell!
Robb'd PACHACAMAC's altar of its gems.
I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor;
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcase from the earth, and left it
A prey to pois'nous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy. If e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
(Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her)
Cherish her age. Tell her I ne'er have worship'd
With those that eat their God. And when disease
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands; nor suffer her to linger,
Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.
—I go!—great COPAC beckons me!—farewell!

Rev. J. Wharton.